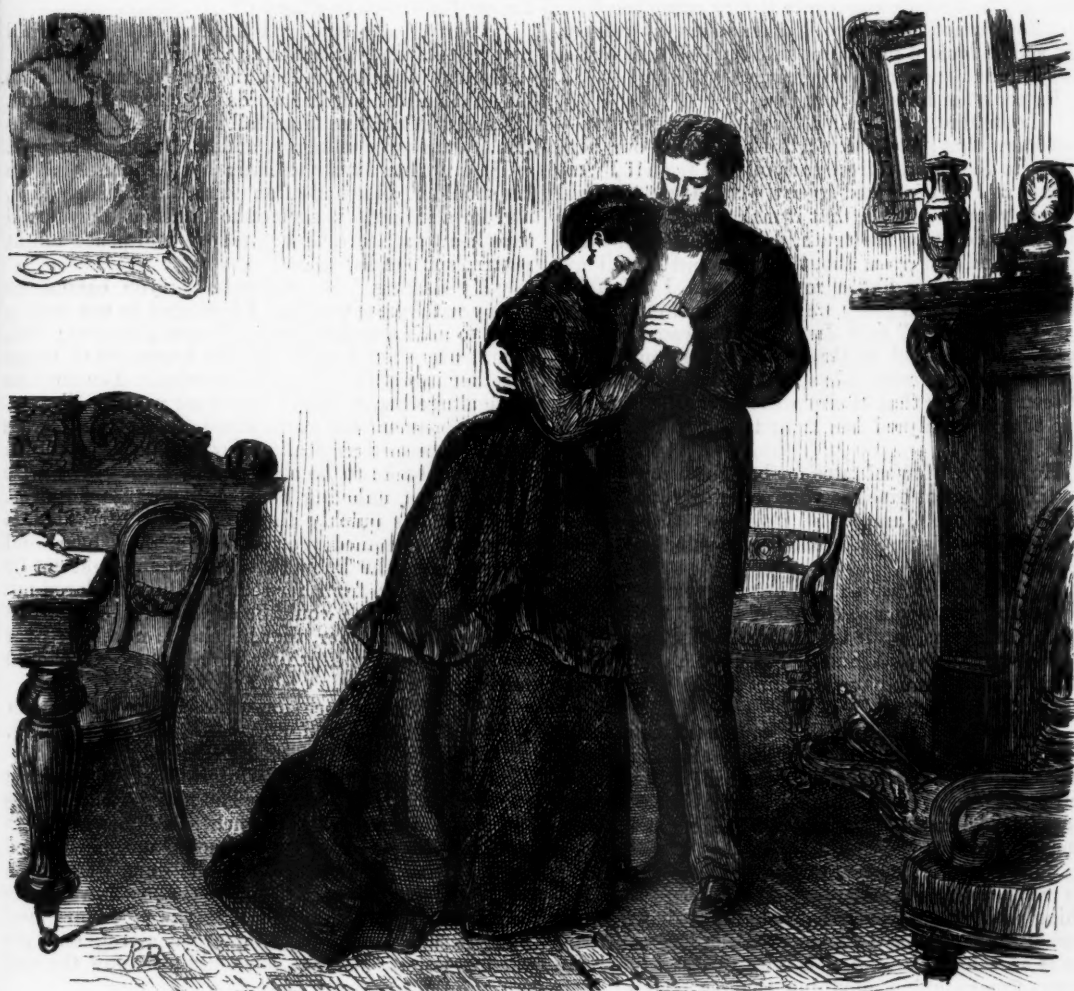


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



JANET'S PERPLEXITY.

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—REFUSED.

JANET came into the drawing-room feeling like a criminal. She saw the cloud on Wenlock's face, and she knew she could not clear it away; but she went up to him at once.

"I can go with you to-morrow, Henry: I am free of my engagement."

"Come down-stairs into the dining-room," he said; "I want to speak to you before I go away."

He turned to the door as he spoke.

Janet followed him in silence. Life was too hard to live. For more than a year she had been doing ceaseless battle with herself and her own inclinations. It seemed to her that duty always forced her to alienate the love she longed for. In childhood even, she had known by a sure instinct that people esteemed her more than they loved her. She had not Mary's power of flinging herself into the hearts of others, even by the very charm of her wilfulness; and now, except little Christy, no one really loved her but Henry, and

she had condemned herself to the risk of losing this, the only happiness left her. She would not—she could not; it would be better, she was tempted to think, to break her promise to Mr. Painson.

But she dared not do this. She had done evil once that good might come, and what had come of it? There was no time for further parley with herself; she had reached the dining-room, and Captain Wenlock closed the door.

"Janet," his voice was agitated, "I am going to be very plain with you, but I believe it will be happier for us both. Why have you secrets from me? What is this business you have to see Painson about? If I cannot help you in it, at least I could help to bear any trouble or annoyance it may cause you."

"You cannot, thank you." She spoke very quickly, but such a look of pain came into her face that he felt sorry he had spoken so urgently.

He took her hand in both his.

"Look here, my darling, I can't bear to vex you—you know that; but I don't think it is for our happiness to keep secrets from each other. Even if I were to say, as I feel inclined to say when I see that sad look in your dear eyes, that it makes no difference to me, it wouldn't be the truth, darling. Perhaps I'm too off-hand and open about things; but I can't get on with anything like a mystery, and I think it's safer and better in every way to say so at once."

"Yes, I know," said Janet, in the same dreamy voice. She longed to throw her arms round him, and tell him how miserable she felt, but she could not. It seemed to her that Henry was really alienated, and her sorrow paralyzed her from trying to regain his love.

He waited a few minutes for her answer.

"You will not give me your confidence, then; you cannot trust me, Janet?"

Her manner stung him out of all self-control; he let go her hand.

"What am I to think? What has come over you, Janet, to change you so completely? If I have lost your confidence, at least I have a right to know how I have done it. You must tell me. I will not leave you till you have explained the change that has come between us."

He spoke vehemently. Her continued silence irritated him, as silence does irritate an angry man. More than this, all the vexation he had been trying to suppress since the evening of Mrs. Webb's dinner-party broke loose and added itself to his grievances.

Perhaps a man never loses his power so completely as when he reproaches a woman. There is something weak about reproach—something that reminds one of the small dog's yelp against the larger brother he is afraid of; besides, it is a woman's weapon, and some women abhor anything that savours of their own weakness as much as they honour strength.

Janet's heart seemed to turn to stone at his words. Words, if she could have stooped to them—had she no wrongs to complain of? Not against him; but had not she all her life been thinking more of the well-doing and happiness of others than of herself; and what had she reaped in return? The secret feeling that she was considered stiff, restrained, while all the time her heart was full of yearning love, which did not dare betray itself by demonstration, lest it should meet with a rebuff. Often she had envied her sister Mary's brusqueness; it seemed to give her such a bright saucy power of saying out what she felt,

without half the offence her own well-intentioned but abrupt reproofs occasioned.

But till now she had never felt this with Henry. He was the only being with whom she had been able to cast aside all reserve, to bare her heart's true feelings, and be sure she was rightly read. And now he too was like the rest. He would not take her on trust; he only loved her, in fact, so long as she submitted implicitly to him.

Still she did not answer him as a smaller-minded woman would have answered. Her hands were clasped tightly together, and that wistful look came in her eyes which a man often misreads in a woman—a look which says, "Be noble; be strong; be a rock for my feebleness to cling to."

"Henry," she said, "I am not happy; but till now you have never added to my unhappiness."

He had thought the look in her eyes an appeal to his submission; but her words conquered his doubts. He forgot Mr. Painson and all the causes of his vexation. Janet was unhappy, and he could comfort her.

He drew her fondly to him; her head nestled on his shoulder, as it had often nestled in brighter days, and for a moment it seemed to Janet, as they stood thus heart to heart, that true love and peace might return, spite of her secret.

"My darling," he whispered, "you cannot be happy with these people. I hesitated to ask you to come to such a quiet home as I can give you; but, Janet, why should we waste the happiness of being together in waiting for a few luxuries? You must be mine altogether, dearest; why need we wait?"

For a moment the warm blood spread over Janet's face. It seemed as if all of joy she had ever known had come back: to be always with Henry—his wife—away from unloving looks and tongues for ever. And then, as quickly the warm blood receded, a hand of ice seemed to steal between his heart and her own, and she knew that this union could not be till she was free from her secret. But she dared not tell him this. She would be so watchful, so guarded over her own manner, that he should never discover she was keeping anything from him. He should never again complain of her reserve.

He took her silence for consent; he pressed her yet more fondly to him, and thanked her in glowing, joyful words for the happiness she had given him.

It was like sunshine in winter, and yet she must withdraw herself from it. The poor, tried, aching heart shrank from the wrench she knew her next words must give; for to Janet's unsophisticated nature it seemed as if it would be impossible for a wife to keep a secret from her husband: it would be a transgression of the marriage vows. Henry had himself said he could not endure a secret, and yet she was determined that he should not know the real reason of her refusal.

A deep sob roused him from his joy.

"Janet, my darling, tell me I am not deceiving myself."

"Not wholly," she said. "I love you more than ever, and yet I will not come to you as your wife till I can bring you a less sorrow-burdened heart." He tried to interrupt her, but she shook her head, and burst into tears: "It is all so recent; I have hardly had time to realise that she had really left me. I know it is selfish to wish her here again; but, oh! Henry, you cannot tell how sharp the agony is sometimes, of feeling that I no longer have my mother to go to for counsel and help."

"But is not that the very reason why you should yield to my wishes? Surely in your own home you can be quieter—more to yourself—than you are among these frivolous Webbs."

"It is not that," she said. "I am not so selfish as to wish to saut myself up alone with my sorrow. I only want time to heal its first violence, and to soothe me into greater resignation than I am able to feel now. I don't want to bring mourning into your home, Henry; it is not fair or right towards you."

He urged her again; but at last he submitted, unwilling to distress her, though not convinced—not, however, till he had told her that on that day three months he should renew his claim, and should take no second refusal.

As soon as he was gone, Janet hurried to her room. Was life worth living, on these terms? she asked herself. Was she never once in anything to seek her own pleasure or her own happiness? Would it not have been better to accept the great happiness she had just refused, and take the chance that her secret might mar its perfection? and then came back a sentence heard from her mother's lips in early childhood, which Janet had never forgotten—"We are never doing right, we are almost always doing wrong, when we are striving to please ourselves." "But it would not have been only to please myself. Surely Henry asked me as much for his own sake as for mine. I could make him so happy. What if I let this secret die away? We can take care of Christy between us, and leave Richard in peace at Rookstone." She sat still, her face buried between her hands, thinking. Common sense, common justice to Henry, every ordinary and superficial motive of action, bade her rest from her self-imposed task. Scruples and doubts struggled to be heard, but she would not listen to them. She lay down to rest at last, half resolved to write to Henry and retract her refusal.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—PERPLEXED.

HENRY WENLOCK walked towards Vincent Square in a very ruffled state of mind. Since the night of Janet's return from Rookstone, the night when she had refused to become his wife at once, he had kept away from Mrs. Webb's.

Mrs. Webb's hints and suspicions had failed to make him jealous, but they had made him unwilling to see her again. He also entertained a hope that by leaving Janet longer than usual alone with her cousins she might be more inclined to listen to reason, or, in other words, to marry him. He had intended to go and see her on this evening, but in the morning he had received a note from Mrs. Webb. Could Captain Wenlock call on her at five o'clock? He would be sure to find her alone and disengaged. She wished to consult him at once on a matter which nearly concerned dear Janet. He did not like to refuse, and yet he shrank from this woman's interference. He resolved not to allow Mrs. Webb to enter into any explanation except in Janet's presence. Perhaps a secret hope that this meeting might break ground for a fresh state of things, might help his cause with Janet, had induced him to consent to it, although all the while he resented Mrs. Webb's meddling.

When he reached Vincent Square, her manner surprised him. Hitherto he had regarded her as a vain shallow woman, flippant in her efforts to amuse and

attract, spiteful where she could not succeed; but now she was perfectly quiet; she pressed his hand with a gentle subdued tenderness that at once propitiated and alarmed him; he fancied that Janet was ill, and Mrs. Webb wished to prepare him.

He looked so disturbed that her concern increased.

"Where is Janet?" he said, abruptly; "I can see her, cannot I?"

"I am sorry to say you cannot," said Mrs. Webb; and then, seeing his dismay was as complete as she could wish for, she went on.

"Janet is not here, and I do not feel quite sure that I know where she is gone to."

She spoke simply. She had by this time persuaded herself so fully of Janet's eccentricity that she had no occasion to exaggerate her feelings, and her intuitive penetration taught her that any trace of spitefulness would enlist Wenlock against her view of what had happened.

He answered her impetuously:

"Not know where she is? What do you mean, Mrs. Webb? You are her mother's nearest relative; she placed herself under your care, and you are bound to protect her."

Mrs. Webb gave him such a sweet sad look, that he felt ashamed of his own hastiness. "When did she leave you?" he said, more quietly.

"I believe Janet to be quite safe," she answered; "but sit down, Captain Wenlock, and I will tell you all I know. Janet has been more silent and reserved than ever, since that last evening you were here. Yesterday morning she went out early. Louisa offered to accompany her, but she refused to let her go with her in such a very decided manner that my daughter did not like to press it. She was away for some time, and when she came home stayed up in her own room the rest of the day. In the evening she sent down an excuse for not appearing at dinner. She wished tea to be sent up-stairs to her. I went up with it myself. Janet looked a little pale, perhaps, but certainly not ill enough to keep her room; but when I questioned her, she seemed unwilling to answer. I can scarcely tell you why, or at least I could tell you if I were not afraid of making you very unhappy; but I felt dreadfully anxious about her strange conduct. 'Where did you go this morning, Janet?' I asked perhaps rather more urgently than I might, had I felt less deeply."

"I had business to attend to," she said abruptly; and her face showed that she disputed my right to question her.

"Now, as you know, dear Captain Wenlock, she has always been so well brought up by that dear good mother of hers, that it would scarcely have occurred to me to doubt the propriety of anything she chose to do, but for the strange change that has come over her since that sudden return from Rookstone. No doubt she gave you a satisfactory explanation of it, but to us she said nothing."

Mrs. Webb paused here to give Wenlock opportunity to justify Janet, and for the first time he remembered that he had never so much as made a remark on the suddenness of her return on the night when she had refused to become his wife. He shook his head, and listened eagerly for the rest of Mrs. Webb's story.

"This morning, as soon as breakfast was over, she asked if a cab could be sent for to take her to the Waterloo Station. I said, 'Where can you be going, Janet?' and then, to my surprise, she said

she was going to Rookstone. She could not say how long she should be away: she might stay there a fortnight, or she might be back to-morrow. Really I felt so startled I scarcely knew how to answer her."

"I don't see anything remarkable about it," said Wenlock, stiffly. "I am afraid you have alarmed yourself and me very unnecessarily, Mrs. Webb. Why shouldn't Janet go to Rookstone?"

"Of course—the most natural place in the world for her to go to—the place she should never have left had I been consulted." Mrs. Webb's tone sharpened here, but she speedily recovered herself. "But, my dear Captain Wenlock, Janet is not gone *there*. I fear that was only a blind. As I stood at the open window, I heard her tell the cab to drive to Mr. Painson's."

Henry looked annoyed.

"It is quite possible she called on Mr. Painson on her way to the station."

"But, Captain Wenlock, listen to reason. When Janet came back from Rookstone, she told Long that she was not likely to go there again for a long time to come. I know that she has not received a letter since her return, either from Mary Wolferston or from her husband, and Janet is not likely to go anywhere unasked."

Henry stood still thinking. His first impulse would have been to go down to Rookstone, and ask Janet the meaning of this sudden departure. It seemed to him extraordinary that, without any summons, she should have gone off alone in this abrupt manner. And then he remembered a sentence of Mrs. Webb. "What is it that you shrink from telling me because you are afraid of making me unhappy?"

"First of all, will you answer me one question? Are you still engaged to marry Janet?"

"I should scarcely have answered your summons so promptly, if our engagement were ended. I don't think such a question admissible."

"Then I am very sorry I asked it." Mrs. Webb looked beseechingly up in his handsome face, quivering now with the emotion her words had created. "But I feared you suspected what I did, and had broken your engagement the last time you saw her."

"I do not understand you at all," he answered haughtily. "So far from any break between us, the very last time we were together I tried to persuade Janet to become my wife at once."

Mrs. Webb had a hard struggle to keep her mortification out of sight.

"Perhaps, after all, I had better speak out," she said, in the wearied tone with which we yield up an unpleasant fact to our listener. "I have watched Janet attentively of late, and I regret to say that to me she betrays strong symptoms of the mental derangement which, of course, we must expect one or other of poor Christopher's children to inherit."

"Derangement! Mr. Wolferston was as sane as you are, Mrs. Webb."

Henry Wenlock almost smiled, spite of his anger.

Mrs. Webb shook her head. "Ask Mr. Painson what he thinks about the will. Why, he admitted to me on the day of the funeral that he could not believe his old friend was himself when he executed it. If it is not the germ of insanity in Janet, I ask you to tell me what it is that has changed her so. She was a little old for her age, perhaps, but she was a clever, lively girl, always ready to take the lead in conversation, and to keep others amused. Now she sits moping all day, gene-

rally alone, or else she goes out on long mysterious errands, and never opens her lips when she comes home. Was it not eccentric in a young girl of her age to send for Mr. Painson as she did that evening? But stay a minute, please;" for Henry had been trying to speak for several seconds. "I do not wish to wound your feelings, but another cause for poor Janet's state of mind has just occurred to me. Does she really wish to be your wife, or is she merely holding to her engagement from her wonderful sense of duty? Do not be angry with me; pray don't, now." He moved away; but she followed, and laid her soft white hand tenderly on his shoulder. "We have all been pained to notice the coldness with which she has treated you; indeed, I fancied that you were conscious of it, and that you went down-stairs with her on that last evening to have it fully explained."

She paused at last, but Wenlock could not answer her. There is something horribly convincing in hearing our own thoughts spoken by some one else. Was it possible that Janet no longer loved him? She had said she did; but the more he reflected on her refusal to become his wife, the more singular it seemed; and if she did not love him, what had changed her? Only one answer came: she loved some one else. Not Mr. Painson—it was absurd to hold such an idea; and yet Mr. Painson had plainly more of her confidence than he had.

He turned suddenly on Mrs. Webb. Wounded affection, jealousy, and anger at this last suggestion, overcame all remains of self-control. "After all, Mrs. Webb, I scarcely see why you sent for me. Janet is her own mistress, and if she chooses to go off to Rookstone without consulting you, it is possibly because she does not value your opinion."

"Well, it is better, perhaps, that you see it in that way" (she gave him a pitying smile); "but the impression on my mind is that she has gone away to avoid you. However, that is of course no business of mine; only I must say this, I do not consider a girl who goes rushing about the country in this sudden mysterious way a fit companion for my daughter, and I think if you ask any other mother you will get the same answer. Louy at present is perfectly docile and submissive, but there is no saying what this strong-minded, self-willed sort of example may teach her."

And Henry Wenlock, as he walked sorrowfully back to his lodgings, asked himself whether a strong-minded self-willed wife would make him happy; whether, as some flaw or other must be accepted in every human being, a certain amount of silliness would not be preferable, united to a sweet and yielding nature. Remember, my dear Captain Wenlock, that sugar and water turn to vinegar as quickly as sound ale.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

It was a bitterly cold day. The trees in Rookstone Park were almost bare, and the few sickly yellow leaves which yet lingered were swept away by the keen north wind, in a rapid whirling dance, till they fell giddy and lifeless on the crisp turf.

It was thorough winter, without the sparkling sunshine or bracing atmosphere that makes frost so endurable.

Mary Wolferston crouched closer and closer over the fire. She had recovered her usual health, but she looked listless and discontented. Her baby was a bonny healthy child, her husband as tender as

ever, and yet she felt restless. She seemed for ever wanting something, not to be found at Rookstone.

"How glad I shall be when spring comes," she said to herself, "and we can leave this dull place. I wonder if Richard will let me take baby to London. Oh! he must. I could not be parted from him. I wish I could think his father loved him."

The rosy under lip drooped, and her whole face clouded over. Every time she looked at her infant, or held it in her arms, holy and pure feelings strove to be heard; and mingled with these was a more awful conviction—a sense rather felt than realised of a responsibility—for hitherto Mary had never called herself to account about anything.

She had not hinted this to her husband. She knew too well the sneer it would provoke. Richard had often told her that every man should take care of himself, and that so long as parents fed and clothed their children, and educated them, in the way of book-learning, they did what was requisite; and formerly she had listened to this in docile acquiescence.

But she could not stifle this whisper, which taught her an entirely new creed respecting her duty to her child; and yet, although she listened to it, it seemed to make her daily more discontented.

"I believe I am getting morbid and silly," she said, "but there is no use in my trying to be wise. I always used to go to dear mamma for advice, and I cannot depend on myself. How I wish Richard would take just a little interest; but, if I worry him, I'm afraid he will care for baby even less than he does now." She checked herself in sudden alarm: she had discovered her husband's jealousy lest her motherly love should alter her affection for himself; and here she was, already blaming him in thought—she who had resolved to make his will her law in all things. But this feeling of mental disquiet was becoming troublesome, and Mary's was a nature which always sought relief from a burden by laying it on some one else. A new idea had occurred to her, and her face brightened into its usual beauty. Just then her husband came in.

"You are not coming out with me, then?" he said.

"Well, perhaps you are more comfortable here. I believe you are growing lazy, Mary."

"No, I'm not; but come and sit down, too, darling, and I'll make a beautiful blaze. I am thinking of writing to Janet, that selfish Henry must spare her to me for a few days."

She was warming her husband's cold hand between her own, but he pulled it away roughly.

"Janet! why, she was here quite lately. What can you want with Janet, Mary?"

He never called her Mary unless he was displeased with her. He had a store of tender petting epithets always ready to lavish on her.

She looked up at him half frightened, half vexed. "But she stayed such a short time; surely you don't mind her coming, Richard?"

"You have not answered my question." He spoke very coldly. "Why do you so much wish her to come to Rookstone?"

Mary hesitated, and then she felt prompted to speak openly.

"Now I am a mother"—she saw a frown gathering, and she went on nervously—"there are so many things I want advice about. I don't tease you, darling, because I know you would not like it; and I dare say I am nervous and silly, but then Janet

won't mind my silliness, and she will help me out of all my worries."

"Worries! what do you mean?"

"Never mind, darling; only say Janet may come and you shall never be worried."

She looked up at him in the sweet beseeching way she used to find irresistible, but Richard had turned from her, so that she could not see his face.

"Mary"—his voice sounded very stern—"I may as well tell you at once that I have no wish to see Janet here for some time to come. She—she displeased me extremely while she was here, and for the present, at any rate, she and I are better apart."

He turned round and saw that his wife was crying. He went on angrily,—

"I don't understand you, Mary. You used to be happy and satisfied with everything. I was company enough for you, but now you seem always to be wanting something you have not got."

"Oh! Richard; it was only for baby's sake I wanted Janet."

"I wish now the child had never come," he said, impatiently. "I believe you care for nothing else in the world."

Before his shocked, terrified wife could answer he had left the room, and was on his way up the avenue.

Coming down it at a helter-skelter pace, quite unlike his usual elegant lounge, was Mr. François Leroux. He nearly ran against his master.

"Ah, monsieur, one thousand pardons, but you are on the right road. Do you know who is going to arrive at the park—will be arrived there if we do not hasten ourselves?"

"What do you mean?"

Leroux knew by his master's voice that he was not in a humour to guess riddles.

"It is that young lady, of whom you said to me that she was not to return to Rookstone, madame's sister, Miss Wolferston."

Richard muttered something to himself, then he said aloud,—*"When did you see her?"*

"Just now, monsieur. I was in the toll-house, but she did not see me, and as soon as she had passed I jumped over the first gate I came to in the lane, and kept the hedge between me and her till I had left her behind; then I ran as fast as I could to tell you, monsieur."

Richard Wolferston's face was not pleasant to look at. He had certainly said to Leroux that Miss Wolferston had offended him, and that she would not return to Rookstone, and yet he felt annoyed that the man should have remembered this, and that he should have interfered now.

"You can leave me alone," he said, sullenly. "I am going to meet Miss Wolferston."

The Frenchman stood looking after him.

"These English are uncivilised," and he shrugged his shoulders. "I spy out, I intrigue, I take the risk of injury to my health by a so quick run as that, and then Mr. Wolferston never say, 'Thank you, Leroux.' It is strange, I have notice it before, why is he all at once so angry, and in such hurry, when he hear the name of the sister of madame? What is it this dispute they have when she go away so suddenly? Thou art growing stupid, François, my friend, in this beef-eating England, or thou wouldst not ask thyself a question twice; it would be something to improve this dull Rookstone, if I could find it had a secret. *Voyons*, there is nothing like a little quiet observation."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

XIV.—RAILWAY TRAVELLING—STEAMBOATS—GAME LAWS—SCENERY.



It is scarcely forty years since the first railway in the United States was opened. Ten years after, in 1840, 2,000 miles of line had been laid; in 1850, nearly 9,000 miles; in 1860, 31,000; and in 1870, above 50,000. The rapid progress is stated in other forms, as, when we are told that in 1851 the railways of the States did not exceed 5,000,000 tons, and the total earnings from freight and passengers did not exceed 20,000,000 dollars. In 1869 the tonnage of all the lines exceeded 100,000,000 tons, and the earnings from freight and passengers had risen to 300,000,000 dollars. In that period, while the increase of tonnage was twentyfold, the increase of earnings was only fifteenfold, showing that, though there has been general rise in all values, there has been decrease in the cost of railway transportation. The new lines planned, or in course of formation, exceed in extent those of any other country, except it may be Russia or British India.

"Appleton's Guide," the "Bradshaw" of America, gives a wonderful idea of the vastness of the railway system of the States. There are about four hundred distinct lines or companies, and above five hundred and fifty including branch lines. The number of stations in the index is above 4,300. Besides the general railway map of the whole country, Appleton gives about seventy district maps of various lines. There is an ingenious method of economising space in the time-tables, the names of places being printed only once, in the centre of each page, for what we call the Up and the Down trains, thus:—

a.m. p.m. miles.			Leave	Arrive	miles. p.m. p.m.		
8.30	12.3	0	New York	228	4.10	10.20	
9.	1.	9	Newark	219	3.30	9.45	
11.50	4.10	90	Philadelphia	138	12.40	6.40	
3.35	8.15	189	Baltimore	39	9.	2.40	
5.15	10.10	228	Washington	0	7.25	12.45	
			Arrive	Leave	a.m.	p.m.	

The American railway cars differ from the English carriages in internal arrangement as well as size and make. They are long, holding fifty or sixty passengers, instead of ten or twelve as with us. Some of our second and third class carriages hold as many, when there are open partitions, and seats on which some sitters are with their faces, others their backs, to the engine, or, in some cases, with benches running sideways. In the American cars all the seats face the engine, and are arranged in rows of two seats on each side, like an arm-chair of double width, with a passage in the middle. In some cars the backs of the seats are reversible, so that a party of four can make a compartment for themselves face to face. There is no looking of doors, but free ingress or egress, with passage from one car to another, from end to end of the train, a bridged iron platform with handrail being over the coupling of the cars.

The average speed on the American lines is about twenty miles an hour. The express trains rarely exceed thirty miles. On the old lines there is as much security, as well as regularity, as on any English railroad. Communication with the guard and the engine-

driver is effected by a cord passing inside the roof of the cars.

Nominally, there is but one class of passengers, and one scale of fares. Every traveller takes his place where he has a fancy, except that a car is reserved for ladies and for gentlemen accompanying ladies. But, though in theory all are equal, there are practically various classes of passengers. On the main lines there are cheap trains for emigrants. There are attached to most of the trains "drawing-room cars," "reclining-chair cars," and "sleeping-cars," or night-cars, for which additional charge is made. Some of these select cars belong to speculating builders or companies, who purchase the privilege of attaching them to the trains, and make their profit by the extra charges. The most notable of these speculations are the Pullman "Palace Hotel Cars." In one of these I travelled from Niagara to Chicago, leaving in the forenoon and arriving on the morning of the next day. Two of us chartered a compartment, like the cabin of a ship; with a comfortable sofa, above which a board was fixed at night, so as to form a second sleeping-berth. The beds were regularly made, boots put outside the door for cleaning, and hot water brought in the morning by an active black boy. Meals were served on a table carried into the cabin. The bill of fare contained more variety than in many English hotels, and at moderate charges. For lamb chop or mutton chop and tomato sauce the price was seventy-five cents; fresh mackerel, fifty cents; omelet, with ham, forty; a spring chicken, a dollar. There was ample choice of vegetables, fruits, and relishes, with five or six kinds of wine, in the *carte*. A cup of French coffee, tea, or chocolate was fifteen cents. The kitchen, clean and commodious, had every appliance for cooking, and the dressing-compartment was equally convenient. In trains not having these luxurious appendages, the meals are provided at regular stations, as used to be the case in old coaching days. Some of the drawing-room cars are as luxurious as those of royal or imperial carriages on European lines, with mirrors, lounges, chandeliers, piano, and book-cases. A novelty in some of the cars on the Pacific line is an outside balcony, from which the scenery can be surveyed.

The whole system of the American railways in regard to passengers' luggage, or "baggage," as they call it, is admirable, both for safety and convenience. In England luggage is a constant encumbrance and cause of anxiety, except for the few who have a valet or courier to take it in charge. There is trouble in seeing it ticketed; trouble in looking after it; trouble in finding it when the journey is over. In the scramble of the crowd on arrival, mistakes are numerous, and frauds frequent. Gangs of thieves live by stealing luggage at the stations. A few years ago, in a street near the Edgware Road there was a house, purporting to have apartments to let, and at which piles of luggage seemed to be arriving at all hours of the day and night. For months this went on, to the growing surprise of the neighbours, who were also annoyed by the noisy and disorderly conduct of the lodgers or tenants of the house. A friend living next door described to me the peals of laughter and



From an American illustration.

THE INSPECTION CAR.

Leisure Hour for May 1871, p. 278.

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loud revelry overheard after new arrivals of baggage. Therobbers were overhauling the contents of the trunks and portmanteaus which had been seized by members of the gang, female and male, at the arrival of a train, and transported to this receiving-house. Suspicions were at last aroused, and, on the police being set to watch, the gang dispersed. There is nothing, however, to prevent similar depredations being carried on, and they are still carried on, though on a smaller scale, on all our railroads. In America nothing of this kind is possible. On arriving at a railway depôt, the passenger goes straight to the baggage office, and to each piece a leathern thong is attached, with a metal badge stamped with the place of destination. Duplicate numbered checks are given to the passenger, who is then relieved from all care of *impedimenta*. The articles are deposited in the baggage car, under custody of the guard. It is not even necessary on arriving to claim the baggage in person. Before reaching the end of the journey, an agent of one of the Baggage Express companies goes through the cars, and undertakes to transport the baggage to any address for a fixed fee. He gives a printed receipt on the checks being handed to him, and the baggage will be found at the hotel or house, sometimes before the passenger's arrival. Why should not a similar plan be adopted on English railways?

Another nuisance in English railway travelling could be easily remedied by following the American example. At our stations, especially in London and the great towns, there is often a dangerous and disagreeable scramble for tickets. The window is not open till a few minutes before the train starts, while the clerks are often heard chatting and laughing behind the screen. In America the tickets can be purchased at any time, and at offices in hotels and throughout the towns.

The American tickets are not, as with us, only available for the day of issue, but are good for a long period. For distant places they are divided into coupons, with leave for the passenger to break the journey. They are also transferable, so that the remainder of a ticket can be sold or bought at any agent's office. Everything, in short, is done in America for the convenience of travellers, while everything in England seems contrived to multiply restriction and annoyance. Our directors, with their free passes, have not personal experience of the troubles of travelling; or they could scarcely persist in the stupid and harassing by-laws of their passenger traffic.

The arrangements in England are equally ingenious for the discomfort of travellers in the journey. In cold weather there is no provision for heating the carriages, and in hot weather no sun-blinds, except in the first-class carriages. The second-class and third-class carriages are made as uncomfortable as possible, with the stolid idea of inducing larger numbers to pay the higher fare. Increase of comfort would tempt greater numbers to travel, and so more surely increase the revenue of a line. Except in the occasional excursion trains during the summer season, hardly any one thinks of travelling by rail for pleasure in England. In America the ingenuity of the directors seems to be exerted for the comfort of the poorest classes, instead of for their discomfort, as with us. The carriages are large and well ventilated, with stoves for wintry weather, and Venetian blinds and sunshades at every window in summer. The seats are roomy and well

cushioned. For parcels or small baggage there are plenty of pegs and wire racks. There is a barrel of filtered water, iced in summer, at one end of the car, and lavatories and closets at the other. The conductor traverses the train at intervals, and sees that all is right. Whatever is within the power of official management is done for the convenience and safety of the passengers.

Notwithstanding all this, there is room for discussion as to whether railway travelling on the whole is better in America. The jumping and jolting on many of the lines is terrible. The rails are laid upon big wooden sleepers, which seem often of needless irregularity in level. Great is the dust and glare in hot weather, and the draught in cold weather. The unwholesome air of the stove neutralises the advantage of the heat. When the car is crowded, each seat being double, you may be paired for a long period in too close proximity to an uneligible neighbour. In one journey I sat beside a big Irishman, who, when the heat became oppressive, pulled off his coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves. The shirt was clean, however, and the coat better, I'll be bound, than the last he wore in ould Ireland. There are other discomforts in American cars to which one may be exposed, but my remark is not the less true that the official management is in general far better than our own, where the discomfort of the poorer classes of travellers seems a first principle with directors and boards.

Except in the larger towns and at the hotel stations, the depôts are generally very plain wooden structures, with few "fixings," and at night cheerless and ill-lighted. The scarcity, or apparent absence, of attendants strikes an Englishman used to our civil station-masters and active porters. No distinguishing dress is worn by the *employés* in America, except the conductor, and even if you discover an official he is too independent to attend to passengers. The grumpiness or rudeness, however, disappears if they are addressed in tones of equality, and not as "servants of the company," and is only part of the repulsive as-good-as-you manner bred by democratic institutions.

A novelty in the American cars to the English traveller is the trafficking "on board," by the newsboys and other dealers. For the privilege of trading, a sum is paid by speculators, whose agents find profitable sales for newspapers, periodicals, fruit, sweetmeats, and miscellaneous goods. The stock is deposited in the baggage van, from which the dealer emerges at intervals with a load of articles for sale. The newsboy passes through the cars, handing to every passenger a copy of a paper or magazine, and having made his journey he quickly returns to collect the deposited copies or the price from purchasers. Then the same process is gone through with eatables, or bonbons, or other articles for sale. A favourite stock, from which large profits must be made, is paste-board boxes of sweets, every one of which is declared to contain an article of jewellery, or a gold or silver coin. The price of these boxes is half-a-dollar or a dollar. It is, in fact, a sort of lottery. The coins are rare, and the jewellery consists of Brummagem trinkets, leaving broad profit to the fox, and narrow benefit to the geese who invest. This trading, except in the newspapers, becomes a nuisance to most travellers.

My first railway ride in America has left an indelible impression, so full was it of novelty and interest. It was from New York to Boston, by the

"Shore line," by way of Newhaven, New London, and Providence. I started about noon of one of the sultry days in the August of 1870. Depressed and fatigued by the enforced activity of sightseeing in the great city, it was a relief to get on board the cars, and to be passively borne towards fresh fields of observation. At this season the mass of travellers were attracted to the boats which reach Boston by the Long Sound. There were few passengers by the train, and the roomy car allowed me to move about from seat to seat, and from window to window, as new objects presented themselves to view. Having reached the *dépôt* on the hotel coach, and taken my ticket at the hotel office, and got rid of my baggage in return for checks, I could give myself to free enjoyment of the journey.

The construction and arrangements of the railway cars I have already described. Among other things different from our own trains, I noted the comfortable sheltered box for the engine-drivers, and wondered why our drivers should not have similar protection. The fuel is wood, stacks of which are in reserve at stations on the line. The railway whistle is not shrill as with us, but deep-toned like a trumpet. Above the engine is suspended a bell as signal for passengers, which rings on nearing crossings or *dépôts*. Its sound always reminded me of the line in Milton's "Penseroso," describing the far-off curfew—

"Swinging slow with sullen roar."

At the crossings there was seldom any fence or swing gate, but merely a notice, conspicuously fixed, "Look out for the engine," the approach of which is signalled by the deep-toned bell.

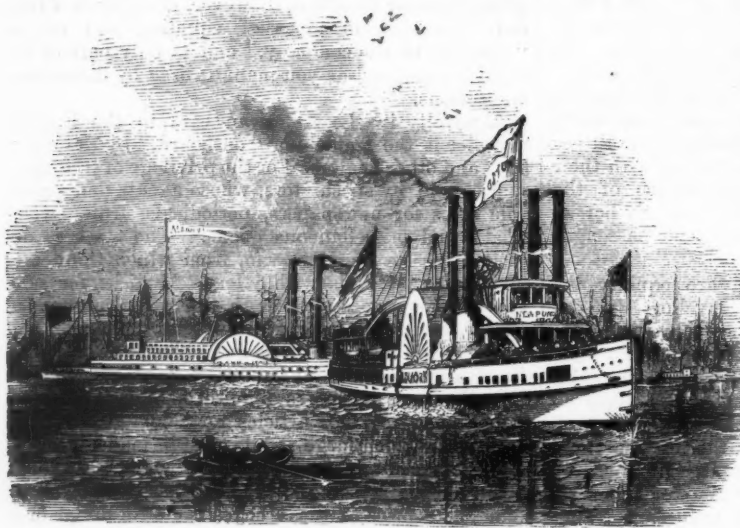
After passing the straggling, unfinished northern region of New York, with its new streets laid out up to the 150th, and suburban factory settlements, one of which is that of the sewing machines of Elias

thern counties of England or the Scottish lowlands. As we traverse New England the connection of the geology and physical geography with the character of the people is apparent. Poor shallow soil, with the rock cropping out in the fields, is not the place for indolent husbandmen. The first settlers on such a coast had to work for their living, and so have their descendants. The physical firmness of the race was thus secured, and the moral elements of character are seen in the churches and schools in the villages as we pass. There must be much of old primitive agricultural life still in the New England States. I saw oxen at the plough, and oxen in carts with heavy wooden wheels. Yet the smart speculating enterprise of American city life is ever near. Along the line, the railings and rocky boulders, and all conspicuous objects, are painted over with advertisements. This I saw everywhere throughout the States. Advertising agents have penetrated every corner of the land, with their paint pots and brushes. As we got farther north, the line often ran close to the sea, creeks of which we crossed by bridges, or the whole train was shipped over by a ferry boat. In winter it must often be a stern coast, stormy and rockbound, but now the sea curled to a pleasant breeze, and the blue waves were dotted with the white (cotton) sails of coasting ships and pleasure yachts. The cars became fuller as we neared Boston. At New London groups came on board, from a great camp meeting at Mystic, which had broken up that day. This was about 106 miles from Boston, and at Providence, forty-four miles, the new comers filled every seat in the cars. The whole distance from New York is 230 miles, the train, starting at 12.15, arriving at Boston about 9.30. From the competition of the boats, the fare is low, only six dols., or less than three cents a mile.

My last day in America was devoted to a trip up the

Hudson to West Point by river, and back by rail. A brief recollection of this sail will suffice for what is most worth noting about American steamers. In general construction they are much alike, whether on the rivers or lakes. They have two, and sometimes three decks, the upper deck surmounted by a canopy, not of canvas, but of sheet iron, for protection from the showers of sparks and dust of the wood used as fuel. On the fore main deck the baggage is stowed, and here are the *bureaux* of the cashier and other officials of the boat, always including a well-stocked book and newspaper store. On the upper deck the main feature is the great saloon, generally furnished in the most splendid drawing-room style, with mirrors, painted panelling, richest carpets, and every luxurious fitting.

"Floating palaces" these American boats are often called, and those which travel long distances are also "floating hotels." Every comfort and luxury can be obtained on board, and it is common in summer for families to live for days or weeks on these steamboats. Bookcases, pianos,

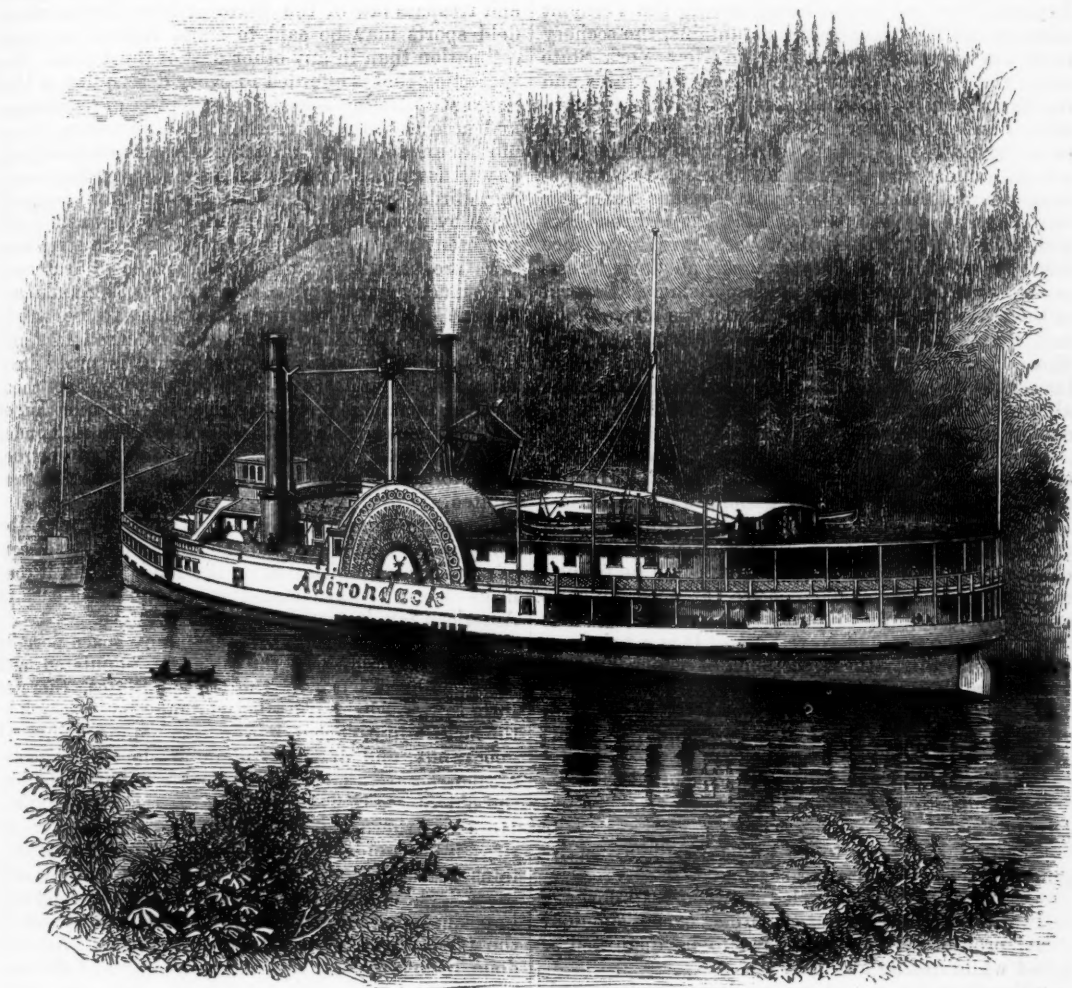


HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOATS.

Howe, the first inventor, we got speedily into scenery "truly rural," among farms and orchards, and trees and fields. Stacks and "shocks" of maize or green corn formed the most novel feature in the agricultural prospect. There are no hedges, but wood rail fences, and here loose "stone dykes," as in the nor-

work-tables, and all conveniences, as in the best hotels, give the aspect of a luxurious home, with the enjoyment of cheerful company and first-rate living. On some of the boats there are regular concerts and other entertainments given during the voyage.

woods are gorgeous with colour, gold and scarlet and crimson foliage, contrasted with which the hue of our richest autumnal tints would seem but sober russet. From the commencement of the Palisades, the long range of lofty cliffs on the western shore,



EXCURSION STEAMER ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Corridors lead from the saloon to the state rooms, also splendidly decorated, especially the "bridal state rooms," for newly-married couples.

These, by the way, seem to abound in America beyond older countries, or the majority of them love to display themselves in a most ostentatious way in their new relationship. I noticed this so often that I note it as a trait of national character. At Niagara I was amused by seeing a string of carriages, in each of which a newly-married couple was posed for being photographed, with the Falls for a distant background. At the hotel I was told that there were often twenty "newly-married couples" sitting in the public room at dinner.

But to return to our Hudson River steamboat. Sitting on the open, airy, but shaded upper deck, I enjoyed the magnificent scenery of "the Rhine of America." It was a lovely October day, when the

up to West Point, fifty miles above New York, every spot on either bank is interesting, either from natural beauty or historic association. Fort Lee and Fort Washington, Yonkers, Dobbs' Ferry, Verplank's Point, Stony Point, and many places besides, recall the days of Washington and the Revolutionary war. At Tarrytown, where Major André was arrested, we are reminded also of more pleasing associations, amidst scenes of poetry and legend, Sunnyside and Sleepy Hollow, Irving and Ichabod Crane. But older ghosts than these haunt the river. It was in 1607 that Hendrick Hudson, in his good Dutch barque, the "Half-moon," first sailed up these waters, to the amazement of the Indian natives. Exactly two centuries after, in 1807, the first steamboat, the "Clermont," carried Robert Fulton in the wake of Hendrick Hudson. What a revolution has been wrought in these two centuries! And with

speed how accelerated has been the progress since Fulton's time! Yet there are places within a few hours of New York as wildly primitive as in Hudson's days, amidst which the summer tourist may forget the busy turmoil of American life. There are many secluded spots and Sleepy Hollows yet, even among the Highlands and the Catskills. And when we get farther away, among the Vermont lakes, or the New Hampshire mountains, the scenery is of the grandest character. In New York State itself, the region of the Adirondack mountains and the Saranac lakes, west and south of Lake Champlain, is still a primitive forest, where the wild deer have never been startled by railway whistle, and where, amidst the mountain ravines, the tourist almost expects to find aboriginal Indians resenting the intrusion of "the pale faces." The Adirondacks and other native tribes, however, have long since disappeared, and the lofty ranges and deep forests are only visited by tourists and sportsmen. Several of the mountain peaks in the district are above 5,000 feet high, and the monarch of the range, Mount Marcy (or Tehawus, the cloud-splitter, in Indian language), is 5,470 feet high. Game is abundant in all the districts, and the lakes and brooks afford capital sport to the angler.

Speaking of game and sporting, I saw an advertisement of a book on the "Game Laws." Having an idea that there were no game laws in America, I was curious to see this work, and found that in this, as in many matters, legislation is in advance of our own. No code of game laws could be framed more comprehensive and concise, at once humane and having regard to public convenience, than is in force in the State of New York. It is a brief act, divided into thirty-three sections, of which the following are the most important:—

"Deer of every description to be hunted, killed, or exposed for sale in August, September, October, November, December only.

"Not to kill fawns whilst in their spotted coat.

"Rabbits to be killed only in November and December.

"No wild pigeon to be killed or disturbed by gun or otherwise in nesting-season.

"No wild ducks to be killed between 1st February and 15th August. All punt guns, etc., except shoulder guns, prohibited. No wild fowl to be disturbed or killed while resting at night.

"Penalties for the above misdemeanours—maximum fine, 50 dols.

"No wild birds' nests to be robbed, 5 dols. penalty.

"No wild birds to be killed, excepting in August, September, October, November, December. Exemption in favour of naturalists and persons preserving fruit from depredation.

"Grouse to be killed only on owner's ground—penalty, 10 dols.

"Woodcocks between January 1st and July 4th; quail, January 12th and October 20th; partridge, January 1st and September 1st; prairie chicken, February 1st and July 1st, not to be killed or exposed for sale—penalty, 10 dols. Quail and partridge not to be snared at any time—penalty, 5 dols.

"On Sunday, no hunting, shooting, or trapping—penalty, 5 to 25 dols.; 5 days' to 25 days' gaol.

"In special districts—wild fowl of any description not to be killed after sunset, nor the use of engines permitted to take fowl—penalty, 50 dols.

"Trespass on land in pursuit of game or fish

after a notice as below—penalty, maximum, 25 dols., and loss of game taken on trespasser.

"The notice requires advertisement in local paper three weeks in April or May in each year, two sign-boards, 1 ft. square, to be placed in conspicuous places on the lands."

The above is an epitome of the whole of the game and trespass law of the State of New York, where field sports may be said to stand higher in public estimation than in any other part of the Union. The protection that is afforded to every description of bird during the nesting-season is a wise piece of legislation, and accords with the feeling of all humanity, that a mother and her young are sacred. As an article of food, as well as a protection against insects, winged or creeping, birds are thus placed in the position assigned them by nature. If in a country whose waste lands represent ten to one of its cultivated, such strenuous laws are passed for the preservation of feathered life, much more ought a country like England, consisting chiefly of cultivated grounds, to be amply protected. Wild fowl are specially cared for, and that pernicious evil, the punt gun, is prohibited. Moreover, legislature goes so far as to protect them from disturbance during the night. The question of trespass is as simple as it is effective. The remainder of the act refers to fishing, net and rod, and obstructions to the passage of fish. Sunday sport is prohibited.

Compare this brief and effective code with the complicated machinery and the numerous special acts of our English legislation on the subject, and it confirms what I have stated as to the excellence of American law in matters of social welfare.

I have said nearly as much as my space permits about travelling. In the densely populated and most civilised parts of the United States, there is little to reward the traveller who may be in search of the picturesque. Scenery is another name for physical geography, and of that the main element is geological structure. The vast proportion of the surface in the old States is Tertiary or other recent formation. Here and there older rocks appear, and the scenery rises into grandeur. Get among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or the Blue Mountains and the Alleghanies of Virginia, and there is grand and imposing scenery. But vast tracts of country are of the tamest and most monotonous aspect. Art has done little to cloak the natural features of the soil. There are no picturesque villages, and few ornamental plantations. Plain wooden-rail fences divide the fields, where cultivation has encroached on the forest or waste land. Few of the great cities have the advantage of commanding or beautiful situations. Vastness is the dominant impression on the mind of the traveller as he passes through the country. The site of Boston is striking, from its seaboard and many islands. No other city struck me, so far as relates to external scenery. But it was the people, not the country, I went to see, and so I was not disappointed. For exploring the scenery of a continent more than two or three short months are required, but briefer time suffices to see the connection of geology and physical geography and climate with the character and pursuits of the people. I saw enough to understand how the New England States, by physical as well as moral constitution, rule the Union, and will determine its destiny. The rapid growth of the West may somewhat shift the centre of political weight; but, come what may, the brain

of the giant nation will remain up in the north-east corner. There is a familiar proverb at election times, "As Maine goes so goes the Union." Take in the other Northern States, to Massachusetts and Connecticut, and down, through New Jersey, to Philadelphia, and an Englishman understands the saying in a broader sense; foreseeing that this hardy and well-trained people will determine the future of the great republic.

But I have got off the "travelling" line. If I have said anything expressing disappointment at American scenery in its ordinary aspects, I conclude with the admission that never in any part of the world have I enjoyed a sail on river so beautiful as the Hudson, nor a railroad ride so romantic as among the Blue Ridge hills and ravines in Western Virginia, between Marietta and Harper's Ferry.

THE HOLY DANCE OF ECHTERNACH.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Dancing Dervishes of the East, and one is not surprised at anything in the marvellous land of the Arabian Nights. But it is not so generally known that we have "dervishes" in the very midst of the compulsory education and outward civilisation of the Rhine Province and Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

"We will go and see these lively fanatics," was our decision on hearing of the curious ceremony which annually takes place at the little town of Echternach (pronounced like a guttural sneeze), in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and some twenty miles distant from the ancient city of Trèves, our then head-quarters. It was rather curious, even in the region of "the holy coat," to think of seeing ten thousand persons "trip the light fantastic toe" as a religious service, and that in this much-vaunted nineteenth century. Accordingly, one fine morning in June we issued forth into the grey dawn to take our places in the carriage we had engaged the day before, there being no railway communication between Trèves and our intended destination. We rattled under the Porta Nigra, that grand and gloomy memorial of Roman dominion, through the quaint old city and over the bridge, when we emerged upon the straight road which skirts the banks of "the blue Moselle." The first six miles or so are rather monotonous, but at a point where the Sauer makes its foaming junction with the Moselle, and the road branches from the latter to follow the course of the tributary, the scenery is an unbroken succession of splendid panoramic views. The drive alone, apart from the curious sight which annually offers itself as an object for such an expedition, would be well worth the undertaking.

The opposite bank was black with moving crowds, all flocking to the "Holy Procession," as it is called; and on our own side we passed the pilgrims by scores and fifties, all gabbling their Paternosters and Ave Marias. After a delightful drive of four hours we arrived just in time to breakfast before the "dance," which was to commence at 8.30.

Echternach is a clean little place in the midst of lofty vine-clad hills, and within half an hour by rail of the town of Luxembourg. It contains 15,000 inhabitants, and is entered by a bridge, one half of which is on Prussian territory, and the other in the Grand Duchy. A file of soldiers in dark-green

uniforms lined each side of the long main street, which was so crowded that we had difficulty in threading our way to the Hirsch Hotel, where we alighted. The windows were all crammed with sightseers, Prussian officers from the garrison of Trèves, and visitors from all parts, but after breakfast our host's obliging daughter showed her appreciation of our nationality by taking us across the street, where she gave us a cool shady room all to ourselves, and from whence we could look down and see everything to perfection. Here we settled ourselves in serene expectation of the forthcoming show, and ere proceeding farther I will pause to relate all the information we had collected with reference to this so-called "Holy Dance of Echternach."

It has been a recognised institution since the year 840, but certain annals in the town archives trace its origin to one St. Patrick—let all Irish friends brace alert—who came from the Isle of Saints, and who, in the course of his missionary labours amongst the people of this Luxembourg district, recommended them, in consequence of a severe murrain, to humiliate themselves before Heaven by a painful and fatiguing penance, called the "Leaping Dance," which was to consist of a spring forward for every two backwards. The ceremony thus curiously originated has had an uninterrupted annual repetition, except in the one instance of the cholera year of 1866, when, for sanitary reasons, it was prohibited by government. Its efficacy is no longer confined to murrain amongst cattle, but is applicable to all human infirmities, and most especially to epilepsy. The miraculous cures said to have resulted from it are very numerous, and sufferers come to it from far and near, and I have heard persons of education and intellect speak of it in terms of the most fervent faith. We had the offer of a substitute, who for the remuneration of two thalers would have danced for us, and procured whatever blessing might ensue, but we declined.

The noise and bustle in the street gradually subsided, and certain sounds in the distance warned us that the procession had formed. It started from the bridge, and advanced in this order: first came several hundred young men from different religious seminaries, marching in single file, and loudly singing from the open psalters they carried in their hands. Then came a score or so of white-robed priests, also solemnly walking to the tune of canticles, whilst a number of little sacristan boys in scarlet petticoats and white lace tunics walked in their midst carrying banners and other insignia of the Church. Then, sounding rather incongruous after this solemn inauguration, came a band, consisting of a fife, a drum, a violin, and bagpipe, and performed upon by rather ragamuffin-looking musicians, doubtless itinerant artists who had volunteered their services for this part of the grand penance. The air they played, and which from time immemorial has been the special property of the Echternach dance, is pretty and inspiring, although very simple and in the Irish-jig style. Close upon the heels of the musicians came what seemed like a rolling sea of white heads, bobbing up and down in the most weird and unearthly manner. On recovering from the first strange and rather sickening effect, we perceived the Echternach ball to be opened by at least 500 little boys of the different national schools. Whether owing to the natural enthusiasm of youth, or because more immediately under the supervision of their pastors and masters, these children adhered more strictly to the

orthodox *pas* of the dance than any of the subsequent dancers. They rigorously hopped two short steps backwards for every one they advanced, and at this rate of progress it took them about an hour to traverse the mile which intervenes between the bridge and the church where the penance ends.

The flaxen-haired urchins passed from our view and gave place to a like number of girls, who in their turn were succeeded by the great adult crowd. To the number of seven or eight abreast, they entirely filled the narrow street, and we gazed down upon a compact swaying mass. Either to give each other countenance or as a kind of support, each line had linked its members together. Some had merely joined hands, but the most general link was a blue canvas umbrella or stout apron twisted into a firm roll, an end of which was grasped by each until the whole chain of dancers was thus connected. I remarked that among those who were not thus kept at bay from each other, there was much inconvenient jolting, and, unballasted by others, they seemed to lose all command of themselves, and whirled and spun about in the wildest manner.

Amongst this strangely disporting assembly there were few above the peasant and artisan class, but the system of proxies being permitted, it is of course impossible to say how many were the paid substitutes of the aristocratic faithful who are above taking part in their own persons in so public and ostentatious a penance. There was, however, a good sprinkling of the *bourgeois* class, such as milliners, dressmakers, and shop-girls, who, above the cap of the peasant and below the bonnet of the independent classes, are distinguished by their neatly-coiffed but totally uncovered heads. In these instances the crinolines played a conspicuous part, flapping up and down with a noisy rustle.

After every company of two or three hundred dancers there came a fresh instalment of music; in no case, however, so complete a band as that which had headed the procession; and in these subsequent instances the musicians performed double duty, paying court to Terpsichore as well as to Euterpe, dancing and playing at once; the effect of which upon the tune was to make it even more jerky and spasmodic than it was by nature.

So far the first half of the procession fared well, and all went on decorously; but not so the latter half and fag end. The supply of bands was inadequate to the number of dancers; and reduced at last to a stray clarionet here and there, some three thousand persons would be left in the intervals to perform their steps without any music whatever. Of course, losing all guide and regulation, the poor people got out of the correct performance, and, inspired only by their own fanaticism and fervour, it became a strife as to who should skip highest and most wildly. No longer advancing and receding with a regular rhythm like the waves of the sea, each individual performed antics of his own, and the "Holy Procession" degenerated into a wild saturnalia. Some twirled about and "shook a loose leg," with a free disjointedness that forcibly reminded us of those cardboard dolls known to children as "Dancing Jacks," and which, on being jerked with an invisible thread, can be made to dance. Some appeared as though they wished to illustrate Sir Walter Scott's description of Alice Lee—"it seemed as though the earth were too massive a support for a being so aerial"—so prodigious were their efforts to dance in the air; whilst others, of the

"earth earthy," shuffled unzealously along, only saving themselves from the imputation of making a light penance of it by an occasional St. Vitus's jerk with one foot or the other to the right and left. Some spun round and round, and others hopped on one leg or made *glissades*. The stout peasant matrons gambolled awkwardly, as might heavy dray-horses emulating the lightness and grace of the thoroughbred; but some of the old women, especially those who were tall and thin, footed it beautifully, and kept it up with praiseworthy zeal. One old dame in particular, who could not have been under seventy, held back her scanty skirts with a winning grace, and tripped away with wonderful agility, whilst a self-satisfied smirk sat upon her wrinkled old face. One young woman appeared perfectly demented; and not content with a rotatory action, she, in the midst of her *pirouettes*, took frantic leaps into the air. She was of the milliner class, and coquettishly attired with green ribbons in her hair; but from the rapt look on her face it was evident that she was lost to all earthly considerations. Some there were who, linked together by umbrellas, tried to keep up the original character of the dance, and advanced with gallant kangaroo springs; but conscience-stricken at getting on too swimmingly, they would all of a sudden make the two orthodox steps backward, thus bringing themselves into collision with those behind, who had not expected the retrograde movement. I might go on multiplying these ludicrous incidents, but it would be scarcely charitable towards the poor pilgrims, for, though they might abuse the letter, they were faithful to the spirit of the thing. There was no purposed jolting, joking, or indecorum, and, with the exception of a few vain old ladies, everybody seemed unconscious of everybody else, and the wildest movements were performed in a spirit of sincere "religious" frenzy.

It certainly was not for pleasure that these poor peasants had tramped many weary miles that morning from their distant villages and now danced beneath a broiling June sun, whose vertical rays struck down upon their bared heads—for the men were reverently uncovered—until their red, swollen, feverish noses were something fearful to behold.

Burlesque as the whole scene was, it had a strong undercurrent of pathos, like the wailing minor in some wild melody. There was something of pathetic interest attached to the scene in some of its aspects. Here were mothers carrying the little scrofulous babes for whom they were dancing; and epileptics, with whole tribes of their able-bodied kindred, who had come to second them through their ordeal. By-the-by, two of these unfortunate creatures were seized with fits opposite our house, and had to be carried foaming into the hotel. We were particularly struck by one tall grey-headed man, a staid, stern, hardworking farmer; he seemed to be, whilst leaping himself, aiding the painful efforts of a little crippled boy beside him, for whose benefit he had doubtless undertaken, as a last resource, this penance, which, as says the popular belief, cures cases which are beyond the help of man. The tearless endurance, agonised appeal, stolid faith, and struggling hope and diffidence, in those two faces, the pitiful young one and furrowed old one, would have strangely moved the world had they been shown to it in sculptured representation like a Laocoon or other classic sufferer.

We were quite wearied out when, after four long

hours, the last of the *twelve thousand** dancers had passed before us. In order to stretch our limbs, we went out, but the heat was so intense that we had to run back under cover. We remained quiet until the cool of the evening, and reflected on the curious ceremony we had just witnessed. It is but right to mention that the priesthood has long wished to abolish this "dance," which in this age cannot but be a scandal to their church; but it dare not take any effectual measures against it, so great is the affection and veneration of the people for it.

In the evening we ventured out again, and found the church crowded in every inch of its pavement with kneeling worshippers, whilst thousands kept pouring out at one door to make room for those who were waiting to enter at another. The streets also were thronged, and many of the pilgrims were buying little keepsakes at the booths of gaudy pictures and knickknacks, which were as numerous as on a fair-day.

At six o'clock we re-entered our carriage, and had a delightful homeward drive through the fair valley of the Sâter, which was as lovely in the calm of eventide as in the brightness of the morning; and we looked back upon the sight we had just witnessed as upon a peep into the strange old-world life of the Dark Ages.

E. F. B.

A RUMMAGE SALE: WHAT IS IT?

THERE are many and various sales that take place in London every day. There are sales on the Stock Exchange, amounting to some millions daily, passing through the hands of the stock and share brokers; sales on the Coal Exchange, to very large amounts; fish sales at Billingsgate, early every morning; also, there are immense sales of colonial produce every day at the Commercial and other sale rooms, in Mining Lane. But these are not connected with the sales we are now about to describe under the name of "Rummage Sales." And what are they? There are general rummage sales of private effects, belonging to general and other merchants; others, of goods belonging to the various dock companies, and also those belonging to the Customs department of the Crown.

As to the term "Rummage," we may only here in passing say that this implies goods that have remained for some considerable time in the various warehouses, and are sold in order to clear up old stock, or to close accounts in the ledgers of companies, or of private firms.

When goods are imported into a bonded port, say London, the merchants importing not owning warehouses for storing these various articles, the dock companies, having their warehouses immediately contiguous to the docks, take charge of the goods. These dock companies are under heavy bond to the Crown authorities for the safe custody of goods, and also for their not being delivered to the public until the proper import duties are paid. The dock companies have their tariff of charges for the safe keeping of these goods, and oftentimes, after having been kept for a while, these charges far exceed the value of the goods themselves, and the persons to whom they were consigned do not claim them. Hence these periodical rummage or clearing-up sales in the warehouses, by the Customs and dock

authorities; in the former case for the payment of Crown duties, and in the latter for dock dues. When it happens that after paying all charges and dues there is a balance left in hand, this may be claimed by the original owners as "proceeds of sale."

The articles are generally offered for sale in Mining Lane, frequently in very large quantities, in some cases the catalogues extending over very many pages of printed matter. The goods are various, such as sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, cigars, and various other Crown duty-paying articles, and also free goods, such as all manner of spices, drugs, dyes, etc., and other foreign imported articles not liable to duty.

As in the case of some duty-payable articles, it has been known that the dock companies have had tea in warehouse some twenty or more years, and in many instances it becomes thoroughly useless, but must be offered for public sale, in order that the necessary order for the destruction of tea or other goods may be issued. When these destruction orders are issued to the dock companies the worthless goods are sent in charge of Customs officers, and, in the case of tea specially, are sunk in the River Thames, sometimes as low down as the Nore; thus preventing reckless traders getting possession of spoiled or worthless goods.

There are exceptions to the ordinary regulations as to goods becoming what is termed in trade parlance "rummage"—as, for instance, the Queen's Warehouse, Custom House, and all other Queen's warehouses in various outposts. When goods are sent in for the purpose of what is termed "security of duty," for the Crown or otherwise, they pass into rummage after being in warehouse three months. They then become Crown property, and can only be obtained by special application to the Customs Board. If at the end of six months they are not thus claimed, they are sold in the next Customs "rummage sale," for "the benefit of the Crown." These Crown rummage goods are frequently very varied in character, not only those bearing duty, but of all manner of miscellaneous goods. Articles are sometimes imported from continental countries, such as machines of various kinds, sewing machines, agricultural implements, and mathematical instruments, bearing the names and marks of British makers. These are seized by the Customs authorities in what is termed "rummaging" or general clearing-up of ships, and they thus pass into "rummage." If the marks can be taken out, they are sold in the "rummage sales;" if not, they are at once destroyed. Many very superior sewing machines have been in this way destroyed, when the printed names and marks of British makers can in no way be erased.

We fancy we hear the remarks made by some of our lady readers, as to the sin of destroying such useful and valuable goods. But stay a moment! These are pirated, and in such a surreptitious manner that if not in this way prevented the reputation of the British makers would very soon be tarnished. These manufacturers have spent thousands of pounds in perfecting their various machinery, and here their very hard-earned gains are taken from them, and these pirated machines are impudently imported bearing their names, and they are thus injured in more ways than one. The same applies to clocks, watches, and other manufactured articles bearing British marks, and specially those of celebrated makers. Only recently several cases of watches of

* This number somewhat exceeded the annual average.

this description were stopped at Dover, one case containing as many as 144 gold and silver watches, splendidly got-up as far as cases are concerned, but never intended to "keep time." These frauds impudently bore on their faces the names of a celebrated "West End" firm. These watches, if the marks can be taken off, will be sold in the next Crown "rummage sale," otherwise they will come under the powerful treatment of a sledge hammer, so far as the works are concerned, while the cases will be sold as old metal.

Another important department of industry is the book trade. Immense quantities of pirated editions of British copyright works come over to this country, specially from Leipzig and from America. The duty of the Customs rummaging officers is to examine all baggage coming in by sailing vessel or steamer into London, or indeed any other port; and also there are officers stationed for the same special purpose at Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and Pimlico railway stations, whose duty it is to examine, and to detain if necessary, any of these books thus pirated, or indeed any duty-payable article. These books or goods are, when thus detained, immediately transferred to the custody of the Customs authorities at Custom House, Thames Street, to await adjudication. In some instances they are released on payment of a fine; but most frequently, indeed in all cases of pirated editions of books, they are destroyed. Thus, the book publishers and sellers, the watchmakers, and various other manufacturers, are specially, in the ways we have indicated, protected by the Crown in the matter of piracy of their various manufactures. The goods in all cases are either destroyed or offered for sale; they never get exposed to sale again with the authors' or publishers' names attached, after once leaving a "rummage sale."

We may in conclusion refer once more to another way in which the Customs authorities act as a preventative, not only to piracy, but to licentiousness and vice. Large numbers of disgusting books, pictures, and photographs are brought over to this country from France, specially Paris, and other continental cities. Such things are seized by the Custom House officers, and are, by Board of Customs' orders, destroyed at once and thoroughly.

HOLIDAY USES OF MUSEUMS.*

FEWER, happily, year by year becomes the number of towns in the kingdom that are without a museum in which the antiquities and natural history of the vicinity are more or less represented. Fewer, also, year by year are the towns in which there is not some approximation to a general weekly half-holiday, upon which the museum may be visited by the sons and daughters of toil. Yet the local museum and the weekly half-holiday are in many cases not so flourishing or so helpful to each other as they might be. The museum, it must be admitted, is too often a dry and uninteresting collection, or else it verges upon the character of a raree show. Instead of being, as we would wish it, the holiday resort and pride of the many, it is too commonly but the studio or classroom of the technical few, if not a sort of old curiosity shop for the mere sightseer. On the other hand, the weekly half-holiday, as regards whole classes of the

population in many large towns, is in need of just such a stimulus and resource as a good and well-arranged local museum would afford.

This great boon of the Factory Acts and the early-closing movement, the weekly half-holiday, now so generally enjoyed, has yet to extend itself among the large community of young people whose hours of labour are not limited by law, as are those of most of the operative classes, and who consequently have no holiday afternoons guaranteed to them as the weeks come round. The enormous number of persons of both sexes who are employed in retail shops are among this less fortunate class of our working population; and in their case the weekly half-holiday, wherever it prevails, is entirely a gift of grace on the part of the employers. Nor is it seldom that the movement for a holiday afternoon once in the week in their interest fails or succeeds with employers of labour in proportion to the resources which can be shown to exist for spending the coveted leisure in an approved and beneficial way. Let us now see how the local museum may be adapted to the needs both of this particular class of the employed and of the industrial population generally.

Often enough, in our changeable climate, the weekly half-holiday must be spent under shelter, instead of in the meadow or the woodland. Let us then on such an afternoon enter our local museum. We find a few visitors here before us, determining to give the museum a trial. From glass wall-cases, from pedestals, and many coigns of vantage, an heterogeneous assemblage of curiosities or wonders solicits our attention. The *chefs-d'œuvre* of man, and the more marvellous products of nature, achievements of Phidias and Praxiteles, and trophies of Murehison and Lyell, open a vista into worlds of study, which oppress and bewilder the unwary holiday-maker who ventures without warning or preparation on a tour through the local museum. What, we may ask, are the uses of the place except for the scholar and student? What attraction can it possibly have for those who follow from morning till night a sedentary or mechanical calling, and to whom mental pursuits can be but a diversion and recreation, and not the business of life? Such are the questions which have doubtless occurred to many a holiday-maker on a visit to the local museum.

During a recent ramble in the Museum at South Kensington, on a Saturday afternoon, these questions were answered for us in a signal and instructive manner. In that grand repertory of ornamental art and educational apparatus were to be seen holiday-makers of all classes of society and from all parts of London. Some, unfettered by any plan of inspection, were gadding merrily from one novelty to another, much as a butterfly flits from flower to flower, sipping the nearest sweets. But there were not wanting others who had come to this favourite Saturday afternoon resort with a clear and definite programme of inspection and enjoyment. It happened that we ourselves were in search of a certain glass case which we had seen on previous visits in the Food Department of the Museum, and in which is exhibited a collection of fungi from Epping Forest. But we found ourselves forestalled. In front of our case of fungi were two visitors who had probably not long since changed their working clothes; they were quietly naming the preserved specimens before them, and showing themselves quite at home in botanical nomenclature. The adjoining cabinet of butterflies

*We are indebted for this paper to Mr. Henry Walker, the zealous secretary of the Early Closing Association.

was then the object of their inspection and criticism. Here, among the Lepidoptera, they showed themselves as well-informed. Doubtless we should have found them good field-botanists as well, boasting a collection of dried ferns or meadow grasses at home.

The argument which was thus so vividly suggested to us in favour of studies and pursuits of an *out-door* character, as a link attaching the holiday Rambler to the museum, is even more relevant to provincial towns than to London. So encyclopædic in their magnitude, and so diversified in their aspects, are the London museums at Bloomsbury, Kensington, and Jermyn Street, as to be not only schools of learning for the studious, but bazaars and exhibitions for the sightseer. But with local museums the case is obviously different. Their function ought to be chiefly educational. And how can this function be so profitably exercised, especially towards those whose holiday must first and foremost be of a healthful and recreative character, as in the field of local natural history? In what department of the museum are the enjoyers of the weekly half-holiday so likely to find an interest as that which admits of pursuit in the field, the forest, the highway, or the waterside?

It has been well said by Professor Rolleston of Oxford, that "the curiosity which is the mother of science is not awakened for the first time in the museum, but out of doors—in the wood, by the side of the brook, by the hill-side, by scarped cliff and quarried stone." The function of museums is to reflect and assist the taste which has had its origin in observation and research in the field of Nature. Our readers who desire to prove for themselves the true recreative uses of museums would do well to lay these words to heart. The museum in every town should give the occasion for the microscopic or field naturalists' excursion club, wherever these admirable societies have at present no existence. It should bring together in natural-history pursuits—in pleasant jaunts on the Saturday afternoon to the wood, the pond, the chalk pit, the coal mine—the many fresh and eager minds that await in every town the call to so healthful a way of spending their weekly half-holiday. This we believe is the aspect of museums which, the more it is cultivated, will give to them life and reality in the estimation of thousands who have at present no clue to their meaning and purpose, and whose weekly afternoon of leisure would henceforth afford a new inlet to the mind and heart, whilst the body is renewing its health. Will any of our readers give their local museum another trial, in the light of this conception of its holiday uses?

May.

SHE came—she wove her coronal of flowers,
Fragrant and fair, yet not without a thorn;
And many a hand, by grasp too eager torn,
Seized the bright chaplet in her tempting bowers!
And many a gentle foot the balmy hours
Beguiled to wander 'mid the dews of morn,
Haply to find the child of health, new-born,
Fanned with soft breezes, washed with crystal showers.
She came with mirth and music on her tongue,
While the whole hemisphere her advent sung;
She came with banners of translucent sheen,
And panoply of azure, gold, and green;
She came—we lose her joyous smile too soon!
But in her footsteps comes the rosy June.

W. LANGFORD.

Varieties.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUMS AS A MEANS OF POPULAR INSTRUCTION.—The Working Men's Club and Institute Union arranges for series of visits to the national collections on Saturday afternoons. On each occasion some particular department of art or science is selected, and the services of gentlemen eminently qualified to explain the nature and history of the objects in that department obtained. These visits are arranged for the benefit of workmen who are members of the institutions affiliated to the Union, and it is satisfactory to know that they display the greatest eagerness to avail themselves of these most kind and valuable services. The public museums are thus rendered a means of diffusing a desire for scientific knowledge and of raising the tastes of the people. Among those who have given their services are Professor Owen, Mr. H. Woodward, and Dr. Birch, who have explained the geological collections and the Egyptian antiquities of the British Museum; Mr. C. T. Newton and Mr. A. W. Franks have given explanations of the Greek and Roman antiquities, and the stone-age collection. A visit to the Indian Museum was made under the kind superintendence of Dr. Forbes Watson. The Union from time to time offers prizes for the best notes made by the visitors, in order to encourage them to record the valuable information they receive.

INCORPORATED CO-OPERATIVE STORES.—The North of England Co-operative Society, with head-quarters at Manchester, has as auxiliaries many companies in the great towns, Rochdale, Halifax, Accrington, and so on, as well as in Manchester. The sales last year amounted to £677,737. In tea and coffee the business done was nearly £15,000. Salesmen are sent to the best markets, as to Limerick for butter. The Rochdale Co-operative Society has 6,323 shares in the North of England Co-operative Society; Halifax has 6,000 shares.

AMERICAN BOOKS.—In 1870, according to S. Low's bulletin, there were 2,004 new books, including new editions, published in the United States. Of these, 1,250 were original American books, 582 reprints of English books, and 172 reprints or translations of foreign works. Classified according to subjects, 254 belonged to theology, 336 to fiction, 151 to law, 83 to arts, sciences, and fine arts, 83 to trade, commerce, and politics, 54 travel and geographical research, 166 biography and history, 122 poetry and the drama, 112 medicine and surgery, 111 educational works, 60 annuals, 283 Jewish books, and 189 miscellaneous.

GERMAN BOOKS.—In the year 1870 there were 10,108 literary works published in Germany, being about 1,200 fewer than in the preceding year. 1,470 belonged to theology, 1,014 to law, politics, and statistics; 997 educational literature and gymnastics; 739 *belles lettres* (novels, poems, and plays); 346 *belles lettres* (painting and music) and stenography; 692 history, biography, memoirs, and correspondence; 535 natural sciences, chemistry, and pharmacy; 412 medicine, 411 mercantile and technological publications, 399 classical and Oriental languages and mythology, 351 domestic economy and gardening, 297 modern languages and ancient German literature, 271 encyclopædias and literary history, 242 military sciences, hippology; 235 juvenile books, 234 geography, 192 architecture, engineering, railway, and naval; 114 mathematics and astronomy, 103 philosophy, 91 mining, hunting, and culture of forests; 11 freemasonry, 271 popular works (general literature), 359 miscellaneous, 50 Slavian and Hungarian literature, 242 maps.—*Publishers' Circular.*

CAGE BIRDS IN AMERICA.—First on the list of importations come the canaries, of which there are over 40,000 brought in every year, and probably 10,000 more are raised in this country for the purpose of sale. The number of bullfinches, goldfinches, thrushes, robins, and larks annually imported rises as high as 500 or 600 for each variety. There are fully 3,000 Java sparrows brought to the United States by vessels from that region, and fully as many parrots are yearly sold in this city alone. Waxbills and other minute varieties are scarce, and seldom arrive in quantities of more than 100 or 200 each year. Paroquets and love-birds, from Australia, follow parrots in their relative importance. That household pet, the parrot, is from the tropics. There is a green species, with a blotch of scarlet near the ear,

remarkable for its gregarious habits. Half-a-dozen in a cage will frequently pass the day hanging by their beaks and claws close together like a bunch of dead game. The cockatoos are natives of Africa, the variety most sold being the white, with either scarlet or yellow crest, which the bird erects, in the most laughable and belligerent manner, when alarmed or angered. The magnificent red cockatoo, with a liberal mottle of green and blue in its plumage, is not often met with, as it is difficult to catch. The love-bird, a miniature green parrot, is so called because it seldom thrives alone, and a pair will always employ their waking hours in toying with each other, frequently exchanging food in the most affectionate manner. Parrots are generally procured from the crews of vessels plying between this port and the tropics. In native birds we have no certain data to go upon. It is roughly estimated that about 10,000 mocking birds find their way from the wild nest to the cage each succeeding summer. The average life of these magnificent songsters while in confinement is six years, when blindness puts an end to their vocalism, for the bird droops unless it can enjoy the sunshine and the passing scene. The other singing or cage birds of native production do not probably reach 5,000 for each tribe, though the number is increasing every year. Mature mocking birds fetch \$20 to \$60; American robins, \$2 to \$3; trained bullfinches, \$25; bobolinks, 40c.; canaries, \$5. Eagles are of exceptional value, according to variety, ranging from \$10 to \$50 each. Java sparrows are worth from \$3 to \$4 per pair. Love-birds bring \$4 to \$6 per pair. Parrots and cockatoos range from \$4 to \$15 each for newly arrived specimens, the tame and trained birds being proportionately higher, from \$20 to \$100 for excellent specimens. The aggregate amount of capital involved in the business in this city alone is probably \$150,000, as the dealers also buy rare animals whenever offered by sea-captains or their crews.—*New York Times*.

MILK IN LONDON.—A very diligent and impartial investigation into the quality of milk sold by London dairymen, reveals that out of fifty firms only thirteen sell genuine milk; eight are in a doubtful list, and twenty-nine supply their customers with skimmed, watered, or skimmed and watered milk instead of fresh milk. In other words, so far as our inquiry goes, it demonstrates that twenty-six per cent. of the milk dealers of the metropolis sell what they profess to sell, sixteen do not always adhere to the rule, and fifty-eight per cent. deal in a deteriorated article, which, in many cases, is worth less than half the price charged. The most startling exposures refer to the supply of milk to the Shoreditch and to the Holborn Unions. The system on which contracts are offered and accepted by such institutions is generally known to be very unsatisfactory; and in our opinion no tender should be accepted for so essential an article of food, for both young and old, unless it be an ascertained fact that genuine milk can be supplied at the price. The Shoreditch Union pays 2½d. per quart, whereas the dairymen of London have loudly declared that it has been impossible to retail fresh milk during the past winter at less than 5d. We know of one undoubted instance of rich milk being sold wholesale at 3d. per quart, and this should form some criterion of what workhouse and hospital authorities should be charged.—*Milk Journal*.

SIERGE PRICES.—The prices of provisions during the latter weeks of the siege of Paris will become historical, and are worthy of preservation. The English pound in this list is taken as the unit of weight, and the pound sterling as the unit of value. It is compiled by the correspondent of the "Daily News," from notes taken at the time:—Salt pork, £1; ham, £2; fresh butter, £2 8s. 4d.; vegetable butter, a mixture of cocoa fat and grease, 14s. 6d.; olive oil, £1 4s. 2d.; German sausage, of horse-flesh, 6s. 8d.; black pudding, of horse's blood, 6s. 8d.; pudding of horse chitterlings, 5s.; horse's head, collared (no pun meant), 6s. 8d.; German sausage, of beef and pork mixed, 9s. 6d.; dog flesh, 6s. 8d.; preserved meat, said to be beef, 16s.; mushrooms, an excellent and nutritious edible 5s. 10d.; brawn of horseflesh, 6s. 8d.; sugar, 1s. 8d.; honey, 1s. 4d.; chocolate, 4s. 2d.; rice, 1s. 8d.; Gruyère cheese, 25s.; bread and biscuit, 1s. 3d.; patent soup, glue being its base, 10d.; osséine, a gelatine obtained from bones, 2s.; kitchen fat, tallow, 3s. 4d.; a hundredweight of wood, 10s.; the same quantity of coal, 12s. 6d.; a hectolitre, ten litres of coke (price 1s. 5d. before the siege), 15s.; a single egg, 2s. 6d.; a hen fowl or a chicken, £2 5s.; a cock, £3; a goose, £6; a turkey, £4 12s.; a duck, £1 15s.; a pigeon, 12s.; a rook or a crow, 5s.; a sparrow, 10d.; a hare, £3 5s.; a rabbit, £2 5s.; the brain of a sheep, 5s.; a cat, £1; a rat, 2s. 6d.; a pie, said to be hare, and weighing one pound, £3; the same, but of poultry, £2; the same, but said to be of beef or pork, £1 5s.; a tureen of fillet of horseflesh, same weight, £1; an ordinary sized box of sardines, 13s.; a tin of preserved peas, weighing

one pound, 6s. 8d.; the same of French beans, 7s. 6d.; a litre of haricots, 6s. 8d.; a cauliflower, 12s. 6d.; a carrot, 2s. 6d.; a beet-root or mangold-wurtzel, weighing a pound, 6s. 8d.; an ordinary sized cabbage, 12s. 6d.; a turnip, 2s.; a root of celery, 2s.; an endive, 2s.; ten litres, a French boisseau, or bushel, dry measure, of onions, £3 4s. 2d.; a clove of shallot, 10d.; a clove of garlic, 7½d.; a sprig of thyme, with one laurel leaf, 3d.; a leek, 1s. 8d.; a bushel, 10 litres, of potatoes, £2; the same measure of charcoal, 5s.; and so on through the entire chapter of all the necessities of civilised life.

SMALLPOX.—Of 1,184 deaths from smallpox in London during seven weeks, 837 occurred under twenty years of age, 268 between twenty and forty, 67 between forty and sixty, and only 12 at sixty and upwards; the annual death-rate under twenty years was 4·4 per 1,000 of the estimated population at those ages; between twenty and forty it was 1·9; between forty and sixty only ·9 per 1,000; and above those ages the rate was only nominal. In the thirty-one years, 1840-70, the deaths from smallpox in London were 25,071, giving a weekly average of 16. During this period the disease may be said to have been epidemic nine times, and in nearly all these instances it appeared in the latter part of the year, and lasted from one to two years. The nine epidemics occurred in 1840-1, 1844-5, 1847-8, 1851-2, 1854-5, 1859-60, 1862-3-4, 1866-7, and 1870-1. The highest numbers returned in any years were 1,804, in 1844, and 2,012 in 1863. The most severe visitation, although of comparatively short duration, was that of 1840-1, when the highest weekly number in the thirty-one years occurred, namely, 102 deaths in the last week of 1840. The three years of lowest mortality from smallpox were 1853, 1857, and 1861, when the deaths were only 217, 154, and 215 in each year respectively. It will thus be seen that the present epidemic is more severe than any during the above thirty-one years, the deaths having averaged 152 in the course of nine weeks, while in an equal number of weeks during the previous most severe visitation, 1840-1, the weekly average was only 71.

INSUFFICIENT PREPAYMENT OF NEWSPAPERS.—The following notice is issued by command of the Postmaster-General:—"A large number of newspapers posted for places abroad are found to be prepaid with a halfpenny stamp only, and are consequently not forwarded. It is clearly stated in the printed notices upon the subject of the use of the halfpenny stamp, which have been issued to the public, and from the rules laid down in the 'British Postal Guide,' that a postage of one halfpenny is sufficient only for newspapers sent through the post between places in the United Kingdom, and for inland book and sample packets weighing not more than two ounces. A great many newspapers are also posted for foreign parts much beyond the prescribed limit of eight days from the date of publication. It is very desirable that those who post newspapers and book and sample packets for the colonies or foreign countries should carefully consult the 'British Postal Guide' (published quarterly, price sixpence)."

TRADES CONGRESS.—The following programme, prepared for the annual meeting of the Trades Congress, exhibits the subjects which at present most engage the attention of the working classes:—1. Trades Unions and Legislation. 2. Mines Regulation Bill, the Truck System, and Weekly Payment of Wages. 3. Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, Workshops, and Factories. 4. Convict Labour v. Free Labour. 5. Application of Arbitration and Conciliation in Trade Disputes. 6. Reduction of the Hours of Labour. 7. Co-operation and Industrial Partnerships. 8. Taxation, Imperial and Local. 9. Education, Primary and Technical. 10. Direct Representation of Labour in Parliament. 11. International Fraternisation of Labour. 12. War, Standing Armies, and their Injurious Effects upon Industry. 13. Utilisation of Waste Lands and Unemployed Labour. 14. Emigration as affecting Working Men. 15. The Commission Appointed to Inquire into the Working of Friendly Societies.

PORRIDGE IN PARIS.—There are advantages in being a Scotsman. One of these this siege has developed in a curious way. There is some store of oatmeal in Paris. You can make porridge out of oatmeal; and Scotsmen not only eat, but enjoy porridge. Thus Dr. Gordon, a Strathdon man, has suppld his luxurious bicker of porridge every morning, while men not born to the manner of porridge gave themselves internal uneasiness by eating the stuff which bears the conventional name of bread. Sharing the origin of Dr. Gordon, I shared with him his bicker of porridge, and when I had scraped the dish, came to the conclusion that the man who cannot sup porridge deserves to starve.—*Mr. A. Forbes, War Correspondent of Daily News*.